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VOLUME XXVIII.

LIFE

NUMBER 710.



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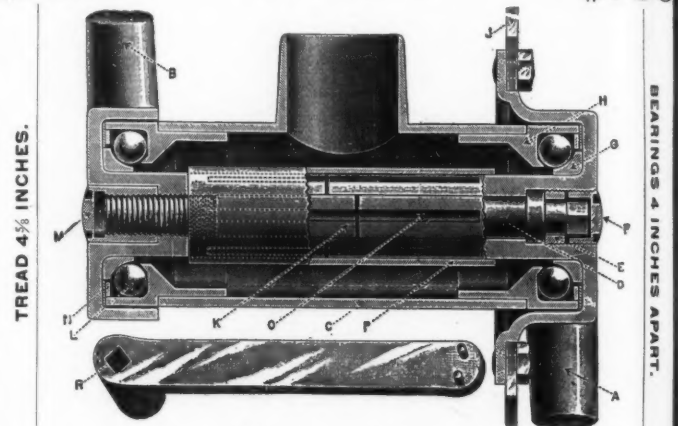
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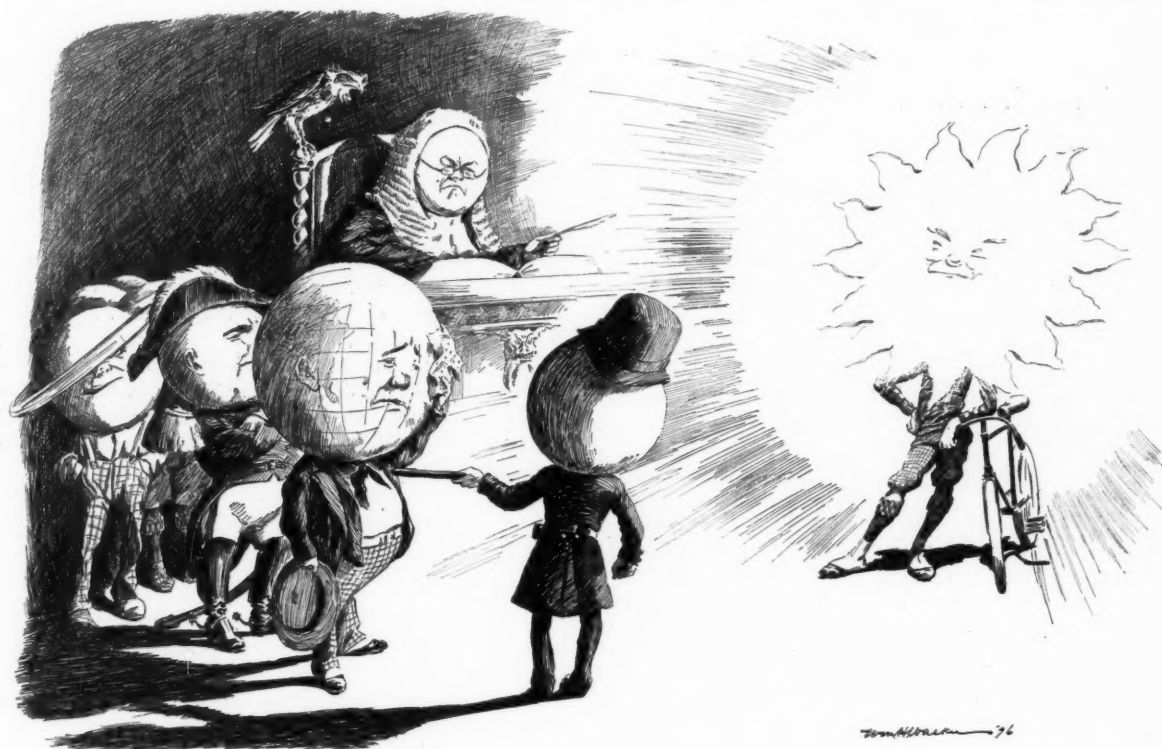
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Jupiter: WHAT IS THE CHARGE AGAINST THE PRISONER, OFFICER ORION?
 "YER HONOR, THE EARTH ACCUSES THE SUN OF SCORCHING—HE'S AN OLD OFFENDER."

HOW SHE ACCEPTED HIM.

"I LONGED to kiss you," he softly said,
 "As we passed the turnpike, dear."

"Oh, that was the place," and she tossed her head,

"Where my saddle was out of gear."

"How much I loved you I longed to tell,
 When we stopped at the inn, you know."

"Oh, that was the place," and her glances fell,

"Where my front wheel wobbled so."

"And then, when we reached the clover farms,

Under the old oak tree,
 I wanted to clasp you, sweet, in my arms,
 And ask you to marry me."

And the maid, with her rapt gaze turned away,
 Blushed deep at his words of fire.

"To think," she said, "that I road that day
 Ten miles on a punctured tire!

And so, with pleasure and real delight
 I note what your words reveal;

For I've longed some time," and she clasped him tight,

"To ride on a brand new wheel."

Tom Masson.

"YOU may say what you will, but John Bull
 is a wonderful fighter."

"How's that?"

"Look at the way he 'puts up his Dukes.'"

WHAT MAY HAPPEN.

MAUD: I hear Miss Mannish is so ill she
 has been obliged to give up hunting.
 What is the matter with her?

ETHEL: The doctor says that she has a tobacco heart.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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IT is an appalling thought that if we had woman suffrage all the women in the country, as well as all the men, might be talking and thinking about the silver question and nothing else. As it is, there is some relief for the mind harassed with fiscal and political perplexities and fears. The women of the country, though few of them have been able to keep ignorant of the merits and otherwise of the silver question and of the chances of general smash and other prevailing topics among male voters, have still retained in comforting measure the capacity to think of something else. Their interest in the ordinary affairs of life is still lively; their necessities are still imperative.

They feel the effects of bad business, but for all that they go on with their concerns, and are working their way through the summer just as though the world was not in danger of coming to a sudden stop early in the morning of the eleventh day of November. It is surprising how they bear up. Mothers are almost as solicitous that their children should have a change of air and healthy surroundings throughout the summer as though it was an ordinary year. The summer girl is about as



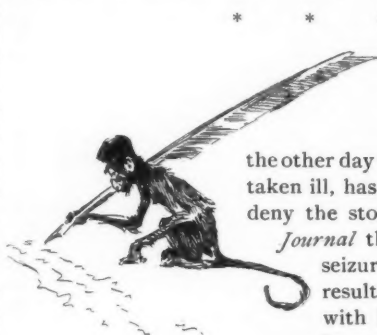
active as usual, and sails and swims, and turns the heads of college boys on their vacation quite as though school would keep as usual in the fall. No one need be at all surprised if the fashions in women's clothes undergo some radical changes between now and election, for the interest in clothes, though perhaps it does not find as complete expression as in more fortunate seasons, is really as keen as ever. There are even rumors that the big sleeves on frocks are subsiding and that the Horse

Show (it seems that there is to be a horse show whether Bryan or McKinley is elected) will see a prevalence of



costumes "with sleeves that wrinkle like a long suede glove, though topped, it is true, by big round puffs." It is almost worth while that we should have critical times now and then to make us appreciate what a very happy thought woman was, and how exceedingly astute and far-seeing it was of the Creator to make her just different enough from man to make the twain of them suitable companions.

Go away, suffragists! We intend to remember the experiences of this summer against your projects. When you demand again that women shall have votes, we shall ask you how it would have been in the summer of '96 if women had been voters and all America, female as well as male, had worried over the contest of the precious metals from July until November. We know this year as we never knew before the value of a woman who does not have to vote and who can continue serene amidst alarms and normal in the thick of political bedlam.



* * * DR. DRAPER, who happened to be with Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt the other day when he was suddenly taken ill, has thought it proper to deny the story in the *New York Journal* that Mr. Vanderbilt's seizure was the immediate result of a stormy interview with his son. The story bore so many of the earmarks of a fake that it hardly needed denial. Still it is surprising how many sensible people will continue, after repeated experiences, to let themselves be gulled by stories which have no discernable authority except what they get from types and printer's ink.

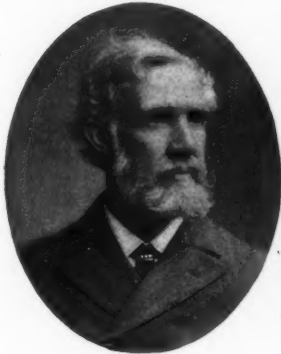
The attention given to improbable tales published in newspapers of notorious carelessness and mendacity is astonishing. For the purposes of sensational journalism a lie thoroughly circulated seems just as good as the truth. If it is contradicted the next day it does its circulator no apparent harm, and the whopper that follows on its heels is swallowed with undiminished voracity.

The big penny papers seem ready to pay liberally for everything except truth. That they take no pains to furnish, either because it costs too much or because their readers do not demand it.

LIFE'S TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT



JOHN W. GOFF.



ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

WE are glad to announce that the publication of Life's Ticket has been hailed with universal joy. We felt this must be so, as the well-known claims of our candidates are too important to be longer ignored.

OUR PLATFORM.

If we are sufficiently graced with the suffrages of a glad people, we shall insist upon the universal coinage of a leathern dollar at a ratio of s'teen to nothing. Silver is all very well, but it falls far short of the ideal. What we want is money so cheap that we can strip our horses and cows of their raiments, put these through a dollar-maker machine worked by a windmill, and send the discs on to Washington to be rubber stamped by a \$4.00 a week Government clerk. We shall then be able to live in Parian marble houses, have boiled pearls for dessert and breathe imported air.

THE TARIFF.

We believe in revising the tariff once every six months at least, in order that everybody may have a chance, and to show the business world generally that variety is the spice of life. Incidentally we shall insist that every statue imported into this country shall wear canvas "pants." (This clause is specially inserted at the request of the second on our ticket.)

PENSIONS.

The shameful policy of the preceding parties in power in granting pensions only to able bodied men we utterly repudiate. There has been altogether too much discrimination shown, and if our ticket is ratified by the suffrages of the people, which we confidently expect, we shall see that pensions are granted to all, without distinction as to age, sex or nationality, with special reference to cable car and trolley victims.

STATUES.

We heartily condemn the lack of enterprise shown by our opponents, in failing to give honor where it is not due, and we hereby promise to erect a cast-iron statue of prominent American citizens on every railroad crossing

and cross roads throughout this broad land. And if we run short of a home supply we will go abroad. This industry alone will keep 50,000 men employed.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

We have felt for some time that our public buildings were sadly lacking in architectural effect, and we shall hasten to remedy this. Immediately upon our accession to power we shall hasten to appoint a commission of the most prominent plumbers we can gather together and entrust them with all architectural designs. The occasional habit of employing real architects, even if their advice has never been taken, cannot be too severely condemned. We believe in avoiding the very appearance of evil.

TURNING THE TABLES.

HE (bitterly): Well, there are others.

SHE (quietly): You are taking my side now.



CAUSE FOR REJOICING.

"AFTER ALL, I DON'T THINK SHE IS SO AWFULLY HOMELY. SHE HAS ONE OF THOSE FACES THAT GROW ON YOU."
"I'M GLAD IT DIDN'T GROW ON ME."

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

Every three dollars sends a child to LIFE's farm for a two weeks' outing.

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SHE KNEW BETTER.

BESSIE: Why didn't you marry him at the seaside?
MAUDE: It wouldn't have been safe. He was the only man there.

SOME women seem to take more pleasure in making the man they love miserable than they do in being revenged on some one they hate.



A POET WHO WAS MADE BY A QUATRAIN.

THE kind of verse that is made with wit and a keen sense of metrical form is so scarce that the man who makes it is apt to be remembered much longer than he or his friends ever fondly imagine. It is the sort of thing that is passed along in couplets by discerning people, and quoted on unexpected occasions. The wit makes it stick and the rhythm makes it remembered. A gentle fancy and a knowledge of the stock figures of poetry produce every year reams of verses. But they pass away like the summer clouds or the daises that are the greater part of their inspiration. Your poet who is a real wit, however, has his lines full of tacks, and they puncture.

In England they have their literary descent from Prior and Praed and Frederick Locker—and yet there is a little too much sentiment in these exactly to describe the kind of poet meant. Calverley's "Fly Leaves" are the best examples of these rhythmical ebullitions of wit and nonsense. The nonsense is as much a part of the charm as the wit.

An enlarged and revised edition of the late J. K. Stephen's "Lapsus Calami" (Macmillan), contains a fair



AT LIFE'S FARM.—VERY EARLY IN THE MORNING.



A DECEITFUL APPEARANCE.

Guest: WHAT A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN!

Host: SH! SH! THOSE ARE MY WIFE'S LAST YEAR'S HATS.

amount of creditable verse of this *genre*. The poet's reputation was made by one quatrain:

"When there stands a muzzled stripling
Mute, beside a muzzled bore:
When the Rudyards cease from kipling
And the Haggards Ride no more."

There is nothing else in the volume as good as this. The parodies are mild and the cynicism is conventional. A fair example of it is this addressed to Prior:

"Ah! Matt, old age has brought to me
Thy wisdom, less thy certainty:
The world's a jest, and joy's a trinket:
I knew that once; but now I think it."

Another variation on the old theme of lost illusions is "Blue Hills"—one of the best poems in the book, ending:

"I will try to believe, as I used to do,
There are some Blue Hills which are really blue."

It is a good thing to have "J. K. S.'s" verses all together in this book, but it will not replace Calverley, though it may stand beside him on the shelf.

And, by the way, there are two little books of American verse that ought to be on the same shelf—Herford's "Artful Anticks" and Martin's "Little Brother of the Rich."

* * *

IT is unusual to find a hint of this epigrammatic quality in poems by women, but in the "Poems of Caroline and Alice Duer" (Richmond), there is one—"A Portrait"—which contains the following terse couplets:

"Whose manners covered, through life's outs and ins,
Like charity a multitude of sins."

"His wit and cleverness consisted not
So much in what he said as what he got."

"Few are both true and tender, and he grew
In time a little tenderer than true."

Of the poems of sentiment in the little volume, "Overheard in a Conservatory" and "Good Night" are exceedingly good.

There is no better poet of nature among the younger men than Archibald Lampman, whose "Lyrics of Earth" (Copeland & Day) reflect the moods of all the seasons in verses of unusual melody and rich imagery. It has the rare quality of being spontaneously poetic and fanciful, with no machinery visible. *Droch.*

A SHARP ONE.

WE desire to express our admiration, publicly, for Mr. F. S. Duckett, of 921 Market Street, Philadelphia. This person is not only a skillful financier but is also a sufficiently good judge of art, to select and copy a figure from one of Mr. Gibson's cartoons in *LIFE* and then sell it as an original production of his own. We have not the honor of knowing Mr. F. S. Duckett personally, nor do we wish to, but if he continues to apply his labor-saving methods indiscriminately, he may find himself gazing at the future through the iron bars of a public institution.



A COUNCIL OF WAR IN THE



THE MAN WHO VANISHED.

A CERTAIN hunter, clad in appropriate raiment, and armed with a shot gun of costly mechanism, sought diversion in a forest.

His first effort was a failure. The squirrel at which he aimed darted around the tree as the trigger was pulled and looked down with an irritating expression. There was a look in his eye which seemed to say:

"Not this time, smarty!"

The hunter, a man of dignity and social position, was justly annoyed by this want of consideration, and he fired again. But the agile native continued to keep the trunk of the tree between them. At last the hunter, disgusted by the animal's self will, passed on for other game.

He had been reared by pious parents, and that one of the lower animals should thus take upon himself to oppose the will of man, created in God's image, brought a shock to his higher nature, and, for the time being, almost shook his faith in Providence. But this faith, a few minutes later, was re-established. Taking deliberate and careful aim at a noisy woodpecker, and pulling the trigger before the bird was aware of his presence, he brought him to the ground with his head nearly severed from his body. Leaning the gun against a tree he stepped forward and picked up the corpse. By one of its legs he held it before him and admired its beauty; and there came a thrill of pride that he had done his work so well. As thus he stood, in silent contemplation, he heard the crackling of a twig behind him, and when he turned about, the thing he saw drove the blood from his face. A large brown bear, erect

upon his hind legs, his face on a level with his own, his arms akimbo, stood within a dozen feet, a smile upon his face. A cold tremor crawled up the hunter's spine, as, with dilated eyes and fallen jaw, he took a backward step. One step only and then he stopped, for his knees seemed giving way beneath him.



"THE THING HE SAW DROVE THE BLOOD FROM HIS FACE."

"That was a good shot," said the bear with a pleasant nod; "had a grudge against him?"

The hunter tried to answer, but his lips were dry, and his tongue refused to work; so he shook his head.

"Noisy, perhaps, but he was a good enough fellow. I



THE HAYSEED AND THE GAS.

FROM LIFE'S RECENT DISCOVERIES OF EARLY EGYPTIAN JOKES.

know his wife; a nice bird. She'll be sorry. But 'twas a good shot although you did take him at a disadvantage; eh?"

"I suppose I did," whispered the hunter, whose voice was hoarse and came with difficulty.

"Shot him because you are hungry?" inquired the bear pleasantly, glancing at the generous waist of his companion.

"Oh, no."

"Just for the fun of it?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, it's good sport. That is, of course, for the chap who holds the gun."

The sportsman stole a glance toward his weapon, which, unfortunately, was the other side of the offensive brute.

"Isn't it?"

"Er-what?"

"You seem nervous," and the creature laughed, his loose sides shaking as if something funny had been said. "You don't want that gun. It might go off and hurt something. We are safer without it." And he continued to smile. "You seem embarrassed," he said with another offensive chuckle. "I am afraid you are not enjoying yourself."

The hunter did not answer. He was considering the chances of making a dash to one side, then jumping for the gun. The bear seemed to divine this intent, for he laid a paw, with the claws out, on the gentleman's sleeve.

"It must require some nerve to come single handed into the forest among all the birds and squirrels, armed only with a shot gun. But then, of course, a hunter has to take chances."

There was a silence, for the man said nothing. He was trying to get his wits together, but it required all his intellect to keep his knees from letting him down.

"By the way, what's the price of bear's meat this morning?"

"I don't know."

The man tried to edge away, but the claws were still in the sleeve.

"Excuse me for asking the question, but did you kill that woodpecker in self defence?"

"No."

"From a general sense of duty, perhaps?"

"No. Just for sport."

"I am glad you approve of that sort of thing, as it gives me your own personal endorsement of a little plan of my own. I am something of a hunter myself."

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes! But I do it for business. I have a family to feed, and they are hungry now. By the way, what time is it?"

The hunter looked at his watch.

"Ten minutes of eleven."

"Why, we ought to dine at noon, and they expect me to bring the dinner. Won't you come and fill a place? I might say, fill several places." And again his sides began to shake. "I don't know how much of a diner out you are, but you will never be of more service at a meal than you will to-day."

Then placing his paw inside the hunter's arm, they started off. The host seemed amiable and tried his best, as they walked along, to engage his guest in conversation, but the man appeared depressed and was silent. He simply answered questions until the bear inquired if he had a family.

"Yes, I have! a wife and two children. Think of them if you have no consideration for me!"

"Are they starving?"

"No."

"But if they were starving and I had appeared in your front yard this morning, can you give me your word of honor they would not have had bear's meat for dinner?"

"I don't know."

"No, I suppose not. But my wife and three daughters are literally fading away before my eyes. And I know you will not blame me for supplying them with a square meal."

The hunter failed to answer, and they disappeared among the trees.

There was soon a great rejoicing in the Bruin family. And later on, having rid themselves of that goneness which is



"THERE WAS SOON A GREAT REJOICING."

the inevitable result of meals too long deferred, they passed a fuller afternoon than they had known for many months.

This tale is not a sad one even from a human point of view, as the man was wealthy and very close, and his family, had he lived, would have derived little benefit from his money. Moreover, he was something of a bully at home and used to open his wife's letters. *J. A. Mitchell.*

TO THE CANDIDATE.

IT was noble, it was grand, fearless Bryan, so to stand,
Smashing into kindling splinters all our antiquated laws,
Flinging credit, honor, faith, to the mob for instant death—
But you did it, floric Bryan; you were fired with your cause.

So when the sunset ember of a day in next November
Shall fade across the continent and give the strife its pause,
May the ark abide in Zion; and for you, intrepid Bryan,
May the bells of vesper whisper—"He is fired with his cause."
F. B. G.



He: YES. ROWING MAKES THE ARMS BIGGER AND WHEELING MAKES THE LEGS BIGGER.
She: OH, FRED, DO GET A WHEEL!

BATTLE OF THE STANDARDS.

A FEW OF THE TOILING MILLION REASONS
 WHY I AM A SAND BUG.

Ever since the Fall of Man, sand and sugar, duly mixed at the holy, green grocers' ratio of 16 to 1, have been concurrently used as a dual-standard food product.

But, now, the Pure Sugar Bugs, by striking down Sand, are trying insidiously to enslave the people—an economic crime of gigantic, I may say, of gigantissimic proportions.

Every spade full of sand dug, if mixed with sugar at the 16 ratio, will help to fill a score of hungry mouths, and has a constant tendency to decrease the demadd for a spoonful of pure sugar. Result—sand rises; sugar drops. Grasp this idea, for it is the pivotal point of the automatic sand-and-sugar system.

Brand sand by statute as a legal and full-standard food equal to sugar—and you establish at once the parity between sugar and sand. See?

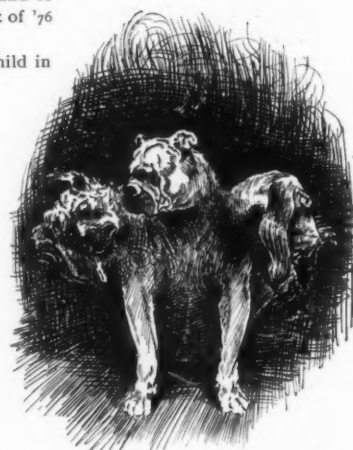
Is it fair, then; is it just; is it constitutional

to eliminate from the sugar of the classes the Sand of the Masses? 1,616,021 times No!! The spirit of '76 revolts at the suggestion.

If every man, woman, new woman and child in the United States could go out with a wheelbarrow and pick up sixteen pounds of sand legally branded as pure sugar, how many a burden would be lightened or sweetened? Thereby—according to Prof. Gotcogski—over 116,000,21 pounds of the plain people's idol would be introduced into the human system. So things would be easier all round or all round easier. (Unlike most "Plutes," the Sand Bank Owners love the Brow of Labor.)

The Pure Sugar Bugs must know in their own hearts that the nutritive value of the food is properly based on weight. Sixteen barrels of American Sand, each 100 pounds, will weigh just 16 times as much as a 100 pound barrel of sugar—and that, too, independent of the action of any nation on earth. Over 99 per cent. of the Shouting Strength of the country lies west of the Sand Bank River. Sand no longer begs; it defies!!

C. W. Lucas.



Cerberus (in the middle): SAY, YOU FELLOWS, ISN'T IT NEARLY TIME I HAD THE USE OF THOSE HIND LEGS? MY EARS HAVEN'T BEEN SCRATCHED IN THREE WEEKS.

THE NECESSARY PART.

WIFE: Can you let me have the money for my new wheel?
HUSBAND: But I gave you \$100 last week for that purpose.
"True, my dear, but I wanted to be sure of my costume first."

NOT AN UNCOMMON COMPLAINT.

MEGACEPHALOMANIA, or *Swelled Head*.—A disease prevalent in many parts of North America, not common, as a rule, to urban districts, but finding its sway in the larger cities and seeming to be apparently the outcome of certain influences and environments. It is usually fatal in its character and few have been known to recover from its effects. As the name implies it is purely a brain disease, the first symptoms being an exaltation of mind, the patient imagining that others see him as he sees himself. It differs however, from paresis, acute mania and other forms of cerebral hypermatamorphosis in that it has no serious effects upon the patient himself; those who know him being the real sufferers. It is more usual among artists and literary men, attacking these classes with great violence. The first symptoms



SAID the Shah of Teheran:
"Now tell me if you can,
Why a man himself encumbers
With wives in plural numbers
When he has but one short life;
And even *one* small wife
Can make it seem ten thousand elong-
gated years of strife."
Then he swore, the worthy man.



WONDERFUL.

Mother: WHY, CONSTANCE AMELIA, WHERE have you BEEN. WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU?
C. A.: I WENT TO THE BARN AND FELL ASLEEP ON A BAG OF FERTILIZING POWDERS!

usually are seen after the patient has produced some work that has either been favorably or unfavorably noticed—it makes little difference which so long as it has become prominent. In this first stage there is, as a rule, some effort discernable on the part of the victim to overcome this insidious malady, but in the second stage all sense of its deadly power seems to be lost, and in the third and final stage, the case is utterly hopeless. When in this condition, it is better to avoid the patient. Not that this will make any difference to him, but it will relieve your own sufferings.

MORE ETIQUETTE.

WHEN a boy, stabbed to the heart, asked a druggist the other day to attend to him the druggist answered, "We are not allowed to dress wounds; that is for doctors." Thereupon the dying boy went out and hunted for a physician.

Is this another example of medical etiquette? If strictly followed it undoubtedly brings many jobs to doctors that otherwise would fall to the druggist, but it means unnecessary death to a host of patients. There has been for long years, and there still is a suspicion in the community, that when a question arises between medical etiquette and the patient, the patient suffers. This may be an unjust suspicion, but it is a prevalent one, and the incident referred to certainly strengthens it.

The druggist depends upon the doctor for the fattest part of his business and so cannot afford to thwart him. If a patient happens to bleed to death now and then in consequence, so much the worse for the patient.



ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

I sneak across the street so wide,
I wriggle, squirm, I rush, I glide;
I take my chances, oh, so slim—
I trust to eye, and nerve, and limb;
I scoot to right, I gallop through,
I'm here and there, I'm lost to view;
My life, I know, hangs in the toss—
Another plunge—I am across!
Oh, give me pity if you can—
I'm just
a poor
pe-des-tri-an!

—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

SALVATION ARMY APOSTLE: If you swear at those horses, my good man, you'll never go to heaven.

TEAMSTER (humbly): I knows it, mum; but if I don't I'll never get to Tonawanda.—*Buffalo Times.*

WHEN Wilberforce was a candidate for Hull, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered to give a new gown to the wife of every man who voted for her brother. When she made this offer at a political gathering some one shouted, "Miss Wilberforce forever!" Whereupon she pleasantly observed: "I thank you very much for the good-will expressed, but, really, I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce forever."

—Washington Times.

CARE FOR THE PARTY.—"Is it true that old Jinks is goin' ter bolt?"

"Well, he's been a-talking of it, but I don't think he's got the heart to kill the party at one blow!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

HE: Let's kiss and make up.

SHE: If you kissed me, I'd have to make up all over again, sure enough.—*N. Y. Press.*

A DETECTIVE officer tells a story in reference to the photographs circulated for the identification of a certain criminal. A murder had been committed in a busy northern town and a number of collotype portraits of the murderer were rapidly printed and circulated among the chief police centres, in the hope of securing an arrest. Now some collotype photographs show a marked variation in different developments from one negative. The surprise of the chief of the detective department may be imagined upon receipt of the following message from an office in London, where six duplicates of the portrait had been sent: "Have arrested five of the wanted men, and have every prospect of securing the sixth before night."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

AN old fellow who had recently buried his fourth wife was accosted by an acquaintance who, unawares of his bereavement, asked:

"How is your wife, Cap'n Plowjogger?"

"Waal," replied the captain, with a solemn, not to say sad, countenance—"waal, to tell the trewth, I'm kinder out of wives just now."—*New York Tribune.*

"THIS is a great baseball town, isn't it?"

"I should say so. A fellow can't even get off to go to his grandmother's funeral without showing a doctor's certificate."—*Chicago Record.*

BUDGE: Yes, sir; I am a Democrat.

TRUDGE: Ah? But what are your politics?

—*N. Y. Press.*

"IT must be a great privilege to represent a constituency in a political convention," she said, adamantly.

"It is," he replied, his bosom swelling with pride.

"You must feel that it is a great honor to be chosen as a representative man to grapple with the great problems of state," she continued.

"I do," he admitted.

"I suppose you have given a great deal of time and thought to the great problems of the day," she went on with increasing admiration for the man whose ability was so highly prized by his fellows that he had bestowed this honor upon him, "and I know you must feel that when you cast your vote in the convention you are exercising the supreme right of a born citizen of the United States."

"Of course."

"How will you vote on the money question?" she asked abruptly.

"Oh—ah—I can't exactly say," he answered, obviously. "I haven't received my instructions from the man who controls our delegation yet."—*Chicago Press.*

AT a certain high school it is the custom to discuss briefly the morning's news before taking up the regular work of the day. One morning, not long ago, papers in hand, the teacher ascended to her desk. Before her were the bright young faces of those intrusted to her care. She spread the paper upon the desk, and glanced over the first page. "First of all," she said, "I need a heading: 'Pool Room Raided.'" She raised her head and a note of deep feeling came into her voice. "But," she continued, "never touch a cue." There was a dry eye in the house.—*Chicago Tribune.*

For sale by all Newdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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A LITTLE 4-year old occupied an upper berth in the sleeping-car. Awakening once in the middle of the night his mother asked him if he knew where he was. "Tourse I do," he replied. "I'm in the top drawer."—*Youth's Companion.*

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A LESSON IN DIPLOMACY.—*Mrs. Hendricks* (proudly walking out of the sewing room): Well, Percy, how do you like my bloomers?

Mr. Hendricks: Oh, they do very well; but, dear me, how much older than usual they make you look.

On the following day a neat package, intended for the far-away heathen, was forwarded from the Hendricks home.

—*Cleveland Leader.*

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NOTES ON HORSEMANSHIP.

It is related of a prominent citizen of Arizona that he once met a prominent citizen of Montana on the neutral ground of Colorado. The subject of bucking horses coming up, the prominent citizen of Arizona said: "We have some very skilful riders down in my country. This, of course, shows out particularly when they are breaking wild broncos to ride. When an infuriated mustang, addled for the first time, and rearing and bucking with all the terrific energy of his savage nature, looks up out of the tail of his eye and watches his rider calmly roll and light a cigarette, it has an excellent effect on him, and usually he cools down, realizing the hopelessness of his task."

Then spoke the prominent citizen of Montana: "That will do very well, I dare say, for the comparatively mild and inoffensive horses of your southern latitude, but it has been found to have no influence whatever on our fierce and vicious beasts. But when one of our cow-boys mounts a bronco for the first time it helps greatly to subdue the creature when, after he has leaped and pitched for fifteen minutes, he happens to glance back and finds his rider quietly shaving (with Williams' Soap), holding a small mirror in one hand and the razor in the other, with the mug, hot water and bay rum in a little basket on his arm. Ah, it's all in knowing how, this subjugating a Montana bronco."

Then the meeting of prominent citizens adjourned.

—Harper's Monthly

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THE LATHER, wonderfully *Rich, Cream-like, never drying*—softens the tough, wiry beard, and allows the razor to cut easily and smoothly.

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The show did not reach the town in time to make much of a parade.

"That night Mr. Barnum was seated in the village hotel when an angry lot of people, who were disappointed at the size of the parade, waited upon him and told him he was a fraud.

"How so?" said Barnum.

"Well," replied the spokesman for the crowd, 'you advertised two miles of parade, and there was only one.'

"Yes," replied Mr. Barnum, 'there was one mile of parade and another mile of d—d fools following it. That makes two miles, doesn't it?'"

—Syracuse Courier.

A MOTHER was explaining to a diminutive juvenile the meaning of a picture representing a number of martyrs who had been thrown to some hungry lions.

She tried to impress his infant mind with the terrors of the scene, and thought she had succeeded, when suddenly he exclaimed:

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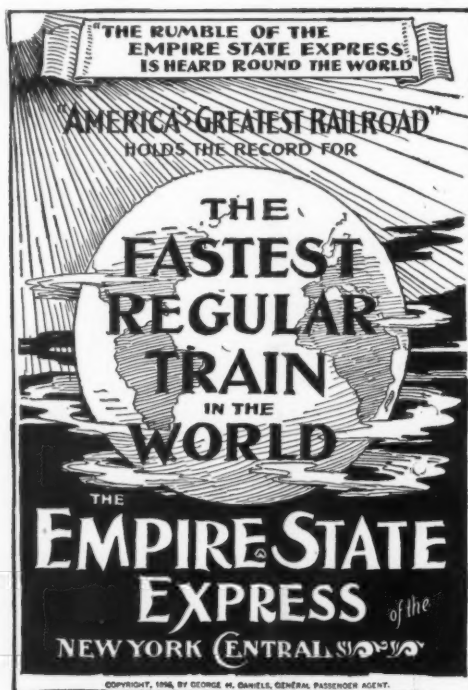
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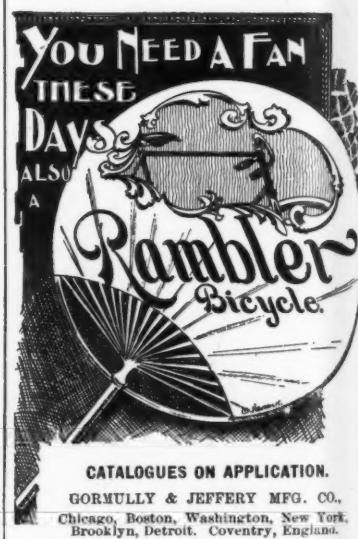
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